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SNAPSHOT - KODAK

VOL. XI NO. 3

MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE

NOVEMBER 25, 1953

WAR HERO TO BE ASSEMBLY SPEAKER

General William Wilbur, Congressional Medal of Honor hero, will speak at the assembly on December 2.

General Wilbur served with the Third Army in Europe and with General Mac Arthur in Japan. He was asked to serve as an advisor to Sigmund Rhee, president of South Korea, but he declined in favor of remaining in the service of the United States.

General Wilbur, who is an expert in sociology, economics, and the politics of Russia, the Balkans, the Far East, and North Africa, has just written a book on foreign policy. It is an analytical study of the facts leading to present conditions, and will be published soon.

In addition to being decorated by the United States government, General Wilbur was also honored by the Sultan of Morocco and the Italian government for his valor in World War II.

ORIGINAL POEM WINS NATIONAL HONORS

"Paradox," an original poem written by Mavis Moorman, has been accepted for publication in the Annual Anthology of College Poetry.

The anthology is a compilation of the finest poetry written by college men and women of America, representing every section of the country. Selections are made from thousands of poems which are submitted in the contest.

Anyone interested in securing a copy of this poetry anthology see Zoe Ganos for further details.

ENCORE

Our fame has spread beyond our campus—

The cast of "Freddie and his Fiddle" is now a touring company and will appear in a different Milwaukee grade school on five Saturdays.

The Art Institute exhibit of the Wisconsin Watercolor Society displays paintings done by Miss Bode, Miss Groom and Mr. Riter.

PRINTER'S KINKS

Sue Ashton

I'm willing to take Mrs. Edward's advice to "Get married!" All she seems able to say is, "I'm HAPPY!" We're happy for you, Nancy.

Betty Key couldn't remember what to say for one of those tricky art history questions, so she made a wild guess and said "I think..." The girl was as right as rain; she must be living right.

Somehow Sandy Hipp and Janet James connected camels with home ec; they're going to be the first girls to join the African Camel Corps. I hope they make it over the hump.

Janet James also put on an "unusual" demonstration of skiing, with Holly Burke playing the role of an eight foot ski.

Another sports enthusiast is Barbara Bower; she's flying solos now.

Boggie Schroeder, the lady with the red silk stockings, red flannels, and space helmet, but no green perfume?

There's a sudden shortage of rabbits in the Milwaukee area, and we suspect "Bunny Fur Kramer".

Mel Stewart is often heard explaining that she must wait for her infatuation to grow into honest-to-goodness love—and how long is she waiting?

Sue Rafferty was told by a reliable source that her French grammar is "extraordinary". She has no comment on the implication.

You've heard the jokes about forgetful professors: Mother Lipscomb attempted to put on her glasses while they were still in their case.

Since Senorita Calbick has left her fledgelings to their own devices, Diana Fox and Sue Friedley have developed a new way to study—jumping on the bed in rhythm to conjugation of verbs. Splat! That was Fox on the wall.

Marlene Crupi turned up with a big

INTRODUCING AN ALUMNA—

Frieda Miller, '11, holds one of the most important positions open to anyone in the United States. She heads the Women's Bureau in the United States Department of Labor. Through this office she is continually striving to better working conditions and open new opportunities for women.

Miss Miller was formerly head of the Industrial Commission in New York State. In 1934 she served as Special Assistant to the American Ambassador to London, John G. Winant.

Her most recent appearance on campus was as a Charter Day speaker in the Centennial year. Miss Miller was also elected to Phi Beta Kappa in Milwaukee Downer's charter installation.

QUICK SNAPS

Seems that the subject of what to do after college came up for discussion again. This time the army was the topic of conversation with Jan Anderson saying that she was considering joining the army's medical corps after graduation as an OT. The idea seemed fine until someone suggested that perhaps Jan would have to gain some more weight in order to pass the army physical. It was then that a friend (?) quipped,

"Jan would be the only girl reported AWOL while actually there.

Marlene Crupi was talking (as usual) -only this time about men- saying that she preferred big, tall men. Ann Kissinger neatly ended the discussion by answering,

"It looks as though Marlene's trying to form her own 'Can You Top This' club."

cake; the Halloween celebration was for Miss Calbick's and Peggy Muhs' summer birthdays.

And a Merry Christmas to us all, at the Christmas Dance. Dec. 12 is the cut-rate night for your holly hop.

* A GERMAN KOREAN, YET!

SNAPSHOT-KODAK

Begun As A Johnson Hall News Sheet

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Editor Zoe Ganos

Assistant Editor Sue Ashton

News and Editorial Staff:

Ann Kissinger, Lisa Freund, Ollie Johnson, Ruth Heuman, Yvonne Fogg, Patricia Petersen, Margrethe Sorensen, Margaret Hady, Barbara Kraemer.

Distribution Manager: Ann DeSwarte

Business Manager: Rita Abati

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EVOLUTION

I threw a handful of grain to the chickens and watched them scramble and screech, pushing and pecking at each other to get their due amount. I watched a cat squatting beneath a barberry bush waiting to pounce upon a bird innocently grubbing for a worm. I saw humanity, scrambling, grubbing, pecking, and trampling, and I wondered.

SILENT FIRES

There are fires and flames
That flash and glow;
Some send off sparks to dance
And weave patterns
Against the counterpointed starry
night;
Some embers radiate heat
To penetrate innumerable insulating
layers. . .
So sustained warmth is carried
Fathoms into night.
Timber, Transformed, Transfigured. . .
In an instant. Years of rain and
Wind and sun and snow. . .
Burn and change.
A camp fire, a candelabra or
A single virginal light:
All warmth, all flame, all light
Are tended. . . or die.

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

Miss Hawley's presentation of block printing on Beulah Donahue's television show, "The Woman's World", was so popular that there will be a repeat performance on December 7.

THE PICTURE

It's night again and now that the shadows have crept across the lawn and blackened the sky, shutting out the day, I can begin again to think of the horrible dreams that have plagued my thoughts for the last three days.

Time seems endless with the slow ticking of the old ben clock on the night table. I sit here in the old armchair and listen to all the odd sounds that the night brings with it. Strange how fearful one gets when the blinds are closed and only the dim reading light reaches across the waves of fear.

. . . I sit here as I sit every night, my thoughts lost in the maze of dreams that have never come true; the blunt facts of life are setting their stage for the last scene . . . tonight. . . The last curtain is going up and I am to be the star. How do I know this? For the last three nights I have been lost in a secret that only I know, and tonight because the play ends I can write it down on paper for those who come later and find me. . . .

The beginning of the end started Wednesday night as I sat in this chair. The spring wind was moaning around the closed shutters and my reading lamp threw deep shadows on the floor. . . . I felt, or rather, sensed that something was watching me as I read. Panic played with my hands and I could feel the clamminess of my palms against the pages of the book. . . . Slowly I raised my eyes to be met by the cold stare of an old painting hanging on the wall. . . . His eyes stared piercingly at my face—the hard, calculating face of an old man who had been some relative of my father's. I had found it that morning, and thinking it a good likeness, had brought it down into the library. He looked now as though he were watching my every movement and no matter how quickly I moved about the room, his eyes reached out and held me. . . . Finally, exhausted, I slumped back into the chair and shook myself for being so childish. . . . I remember the old clock struck twelve and I got up and readied for bed. . . . No sooner had I settled myself and started to doze than I heard a soft, jingling sound. . . . Forcing my sleepy eyes open I saw a sickly, yellow light shining from the dilated pupils of his eyes. . . . I stifled a scream and suddenly a wave of nausea overcame me. . . . When I awoke the sunlight was streaming in the window and I felt certain that it was all a horrible

nightmare. . . . The day passed in its usual manner and then the night shadows once again crept across the lawn. Night, silence. . . . Once again I sat reading with a lack of concentration and an extreme awareness that I couldn't shake off. . . . It happened again only this time I fell asleep in the chair, but before I dozed I saw the awful, grotesque man step out of the picture and come toward me. . . . some invisible barrier held him about seven feet from the chair and the light shone with such force from his pupils that I had to close my eyes. . . . Still panic-but my voice was lost even unto a wisper. . . . I awoke and found myself still in the chair. . . . I shook myself mentally to clear the web of fear that entangled my mind. . . . I had let myself be hypnotized by a mere picture. . . . Tonight, my mind in a state of turmoil, I am waiting as I must in order to prove to myself that I am not going insane. . . . None must know about this until it is over and if I am wrong. . . . then no one need ever see this paper; but if death really waits in this room, then I shall have some proof of its existence. . . . There are the ten bells and now I shall look up. . . . Yes, it is not my imagination. He is alive. . . . I know, for see how this pen scratches as it moves across the paper. . . . Lord. . . . the light appears. . . . he is doing something I can't hear. . . . I am afraid. . . . Help. . . . He is uglier than I remember and he has a thin rope in his veined hands, he's waving it at me. Lord help me. . . . I must scream. I can't. . . . there is no voice. . . . I must run. . . . He is hypnotizing me. . . . No. . . . no. . . . he is sliding out of the frame. . . . it's impossible. . . . noooooooooo

Well, gentlemen. this is the only evidence we have. The obvious conclusion is that he was insane. Evidently he must have hanged himself. But it's queer that he imagined a picture and some kind of monster. There isn't a picture in this room, it's bare. Strange. . . . O.K. Miller, take the body away, and Miller—tell the press it's suicide. . .

ETCHING WINS PRIZE IN CONTEST

"Pursuit", an etching by Miss Bode which features two blue cranes in a swamp, won a prize in the Wisconsin Printmaker's annual exhibition. The etching is hung in the Layton Art Gallery.